

## American Music Club

# "What Godzilla Said To God When His Name Wasn't Found In T"

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You saw my face fall into a well-worn groove  
A child starts playing a role  
And ends up type-cast in every movie  
I took cold comfort in your touch  
And now i'm laughing high and dry  
Yeah i felt everything i'm gonna feel  
Cried all the real tears i'm gonna cry

I don't care what you dreams you have  
I don't care about your second sight  
Now that you've cut yourself off  
You're not even sure things are clear and bright

Well did you let it take hold of your soul  
Was it like moonrise over your desert shore  
Tell me is it more evil to lose your heart  
Or to go on as before

What could come around  
What could make a difference to me now  
What could come around  
Nothing could bring me down

I get warm to any touch  
So why does yours get so cold  
At first you didn't mean very much  
Now you rule my life

Watch your house of cards take a deep breath  
Watch it breathe word for word  
Fifty-two secrets the justice would never protect  
Fifty-two secrets justice never heard

What could come around  
What could make a difference to me now  
What could come around  
Nothing could bring me down

How thirsty is your soil  
Indifferent hearts never keep anything long  
I spend my time looking around For something to bring

me down

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